

THE RIGHTS OF THE STATES, AND THE UNION OF THE STATES.

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## HOWARD vs. HAGAN.

We extract the following from a speech lately delivered by Volney E. Howard, now a candidate for a seat in the Senate of the United States. The facts stated in relation to Dr. Hagan, are of a startling nature, and if correct, a more suitable person could not be found to head the seceding party in the State of Mississippi.

"Thus began the Editor's services to the Democratic party. Subsequently he established a press in this State, and advocated Whig principles with as much violence as he now espouses 'universal repudiation.' Going to the Post Office one morning, I perceived the worthy Doctor, riding up to the Democratic party on the tail of the seceder. He had made a prodigious somersault, and seemed now, feeble and exhausted from the exertion. Now, in politics, as in war, we always avail ourselves of the truce, although we may despise the traitor. And the Democratic party being rather hard pressed at that time, I prevailed, so far as to have room made in its ranks for the deserter. I directed a nephew to be put under the chain of the worthy physician, who had evidently been pursued by his old comrades, and reviled him by living him fed with a spoon on Democratic bread. At last he gained strength, but had no sooner resumed his legs than he perpetrated diverse demagogues about the local questions, and after walking all round, on his hands, with his head in the air, planted himself on the Union Bank. Here he gave himself up to the Union Bank. He was a great importer and exporter of goods for the whole country. His idea was truly statesman-like. He desired that the State should be one grand Union Bank. He thought that the people could not be properly accommodated unless the whole surface of the State was covered over with a vast Union Bank advertisement, so that every man could procure himself with a part of resources, and cut off a piece of 'Union' at any time, just in proportion to his wants. He now repudiated his bonds, the making of which he so strenuously advocated."

But the indignation about my having been in the pay of the King of Holland, and the "Queen of Denmark," was not the only charge against me when I published my essay in favor of the payment of the bonds, more than two years ago. When a mutual friend went to him and expostulated against his making such an outrageous and unfounded charge, he replied that there was no other way of destroying the effect of my publication, but by making it appear that there was no foundation for such an insinuation, and requested him to do so. At last, because even his own insinuation was not sufficient, he published in his paper a paragraph, which he insinuated, and which I received as an apology for his gross personal attacks. You may think it incredible, but he avowed the fact, even the editor of the Vicksburg Sentinel did, by force in his life, becoming insinuated of himself, and felt some qualms of conscience. He now revives this charge, and obviously with the same motive, and for the same purpose. But this is a familiar weapon with Dr. Hagan. On his way to Europe, a few months since, he passed through Washington, and hearing that his would probably be arrested in New York, at the suit of various persons of New Orleans whom he had libelled, he procured an introduction to Mr. Webster, and solicited to be the bearer of despatches abroad, which, as agent of the Government, would protect him from arrest. Whatever may be said of Mr. Webster's motives and political course, benevolence of heart, and open-hearted charity, are the bright points of his character. He granted the despatches, the editor put them in his pocket, and bid defiance to the law. He had, however, scarcely finished delivering them, before he commenced abusing Mr. Webster, in his letters from Europe, in the grossest manner. No sooner does he hear of the signing of the treaty with England, than he charges Mr. Webster with having been induced to sign it by the influence of British gold given by Lord Ashurst. Immediately after his return to the editorial chair, he pronounces Mr. Calhoun, from whom he has received much personal kindness, and all the other Senators who ratified the treaty, "corrupt knaves," and insinuates that they also have been bought up."

When Mr. Calhoun and Mr. McDuffie voted against the Oregon bill, he pronounced them both cowards; and, soon after broke out in a homologue for Gen. Cass in connection with the Presidency, although until the time when he went to England, he was the zealous partisan of Mr. Calhoun. But this is the usual account for. He came over in the steam ship with Gen. Cass, and formed his acquaintance. He thinks, by leaving the General a little friendly and at this time in the South, where he has no strength, the bearer of Mr. Webster's despatches may stand a chance for some comfortable diplomatic employment, if perchance the General should have it in his gift. All were impressed with the gratitude of the editor, who saw his personal attack upon Gen. Forde during the late convention; for it is well known that not two years since, the eloquence and gratuitous professional exertions of that gentleman saved Dr. Hagan from the penitentiary."

It will readily be supposed that a man with such sentiments, and so prompt to suspect and assail the motives of others, cannot himself be free from the taint of corruption; and such is the fact. It is notorious in Vicksburg, and is a matter of daily comment, that the editor of the Sentinel has been kept from signing one or two men of his own party from the debtors and whose course he disapproves of, only by large pecuniary largesses, repeated from time to time. At must, however, be apparent, that so far as one of these gentlemen is interested, this assistance has been neglected of late, or that the editor's ambition is stronger than his love of honor. Were I an employment of the fund-mongers, I should at least be high in funds, and I should, to that case, be capable of the action, and prompt to silence the mouth of this brawling Irishman, as he has

shown himself greedy to be reached in that manner. Nothing would have been more easy than to have made him, if not a red hot boot, at least silent as to respect, had I been in funds and capable of such conduct."

"While no man who is indubitably within the pale of civility, or has influence enough in the community to injure me, shall assail my motives and reputation with impunity, in relation to the editor of the Sentinel, I wish to remark without any feeling, that I have had too much experience and am a little too old to commence fighting down him. As gentlemen, and especially candidates, sometimes associate with him, I do not mean to say that there would be any positive impropriety in recognizing him; but he should himself from the charity of high-toned men as the crocodile protects her eggs by covering herself with mud and slime. He renders such notice of him unnecessary by destroying his character for truth and veracity. In general, there is a presumption in favor of the truth of all men, but the editor of the Sentinel has contrived to create a different presumption so far as he is concerned. Every thing in the Vicksburg Sentinel is *prima facie* a lie, and requires the corroboration of proof to make any impression. So true is this, that, if he were to publish, in his morning's paper, that a particular quarter of Vicksburg was on fire, and the whole town would be destroyed in an hour, unless the citizens flew to the rescue, not one would huddle from his hearth stone. Although the inhabitants of that city are very easily alarmed by the cry of fire, if the editor wished to create an alarm, he would be compelled to issue an anonymous libel, on which appeared neither the 'Vicksburg Sentinel' nor the name of its Editor."

Until within the last few months, I have esteemed the Editor of the Sentinel merely a mad man, unscrupulous of his means, but sincere as to the main end. I have supposed that he wished to be the agent of good to his fellow men; but there are some circumstances connected with his late tour to Europe, to which I wish to invite the candid and dispassionate attention of the public. It is well known that previous to his late visit to Ireland, he was in the constant habit of abusing Mr. O'Connell as a corrupt abolitionist and traitor. A late English periodical proves beyond a doubt, that there is a large party in Ireland, whose object is to dissolve the Union with England; to establish an independent oligarchy with O'Connell at its head, as dictator for life, and to effect this end they seek the assistance of foreign aid. Dr. Hagan returns home; there is an immediate and entire change in the tone of his paper in relation to the great agitator."

He becomes a furious advocate of an immediate war with England, and urges that an American General should invade Ireland and produce separation of that country from England, and a change in the form of government. His letters from Europe are full of this subject. Hence his fierce attacks upon Mr. Webster and the British Trinity, and his assault on Mr. Calhoun, his former idol for voting for the treaty, as well as his denunciation of him and Mr. McDuffie, for voting against the Oregon bill. He is opposed to peace, and seeks to urge forward a very measure which will tend to a general European war, and Great Britain. This is the reason why he is so zealous in the cause of universal repudiation. It means that this question will serve to breed ill feelings between the two governments, and ultimately result in open hostilities. This induces him boldly to avow, that although we are legally bound to pay the Plunders' Bonds, and able to do so, yet we ought not to pay. He knows that whenever such a position is deliberately asserted by the State, the government of the foreign bond-holder, by the law of nations, is obliged to interfere for the protection of its own citizens; and the result will be war. There is another starting point, in connection with this subject. It is well known, that the revenues of the paper have supported it with great difficulty, and at one time, that it would have stopped, had not for considerable contributions from some quarters. What do all these facts prove but that he is a foreign emissary, sent here to misrepresent foreign views, at the expense of the peace, happiness and honor of this country? He has no feelings—no sympathies in common with the country or its interests; and is an enemy to its institutions. I believe, however, he has been naturalized, at all events, he has obtained the rights and privileges of citizenship."

It was the custom of the Patriarchs at Rome, when any powerful leader sprang up, and proposed measures of reform and liberty, to employ another to oppose him by proposing such measures of extreme agrarianism, as brought dispute and contempt upon the whole popular cause. This means was resorted to by the partisans of the court and the advocates of monarchy during the French Revolution, and Mr. Thence proves in his history of that wonderful period, that much of the excess and crime of the Revolution was produced by these mercenaries, who were constantly urging the people to blood and crime, in order to burn the nation and produce a counter revolution. In the future of the revolution much is to be attributed to this cause."

It is notorious, that before he abandoned the Whig party, the editor of the Sentinel was in the frequent habit of abusing our republican institutions. He had a file of his paper published at that time, I could give such extracts as would astonish this community beyond measure. We know that there is a tribe of foreign tourists, who write falsehoods about our institutions and the people, and of pandering to a foreign aristocracy, who draw the influence of our example upon the oppressed of the old world. They desire not only to see our institutions destroyed, but to prevent their being properly appreciated and understood. It is impossible, our enemies should send incendiaries among us to undermine and destroy our institutions, and disgrace our example in the eyes of the civilized world. We find in our State a foreigner, who becomes the organ of a doctrine that has made the name of republicanism and democracy sink in the nostrils of all Europe. It is partially successful; he goes home to Europe, takes freely with the aristocracy of the old world, returns again and agitates the question still further; raises at once the standard of repudiation of all State debts, without reference to our ability to pay; or rather avowing, that we are able, but should not pay. And in connection with all this, advocates an immediate war, at a time when the country is involved in debt, in commercial embarrassments, and totally unprepared for such a struggle, especially with a power like England now at peace with the world. Had a clear-sighted and unscrupulous minister like Metternich, been called on to devise a means for the overthrow of our institutions, and the destruction of republicanism and free government, he would have advised the employment of some such agent as the editor of the Sentinel, and recommended the very policy to which he has resorted. Never since the organization of our government, has there been any

thing which has given our enemies so much joy, as this doctrine of repudiation or which has so disheartened the advocates of free government throughout the world. It is now boldly avowed that we have not moral honesty enough to administer the form of government that we have chosen. There are startling facts, and they ought to fix upon Dr. Hagan with keen suspicion, the Argus-eyes of a too confiding public."

I leave it now for the people to determine, who is most likely to be in foreign influence. I am a native of this glorious land of ours—my eyes first saw the light beneath an American sky. The editor of the Sentinel boasts that he is of Milesian descent, and in one of his letters from Europe, abuses the whole Anglo-Saxon race. My blood is Anglo-Saxon, and I bless God, that it is so. My progenitors were humble always; but they stood by their country in all its perils, both of arms and of parties. One of them whose name I bear, after having served throughout the whole of our struggle for independence, was a volunteer in the last war, and fell with his sword in his hands in one of the hardest fought battles in that memorable contest. But if the editor of the Sentinel had any ancestors there, they were to be found in the ranks of a mercenary British soldiery, fighting to subvert the liberties of the country whose institutions he is now endeavoring to undermine, dishonor and destroy."

From Sargents News Monthly for Feb. 1843.

## THE JEALOUS WIFE.

BY MRS. WICKLIFFE.

"To follow the changes of the moon,  
With fresh suspicions," *Othello*.  
"Midnight, and he is not come yet!" exclaimed Theresa, as the silver-toned monitor on the mantel broke her reverie. "Not come—not coming! If I were but sure he had ceased to love me—dared to love another! If I had but proof—I would tear him from my heart for ever! What? give him the liberty, which is all that he desires?—Fool! not till I have taught him that his wanton foot tangles not on a stinging worm; and that an injured woman is to be feared, and scorned. Oh! if I were but sure—if I had but proof? Misery—despair—any thing were better than these dreadful doubts, conjured up, rejected, and conjured up again!"

Overcome by her emotions, and wearied with watching, Theresa threw herself on a couch to await her husband's return.  
It was scarcely six months since she gave to that husband, at the altar, her hand and with it the devotion of a fresh and warm heart. She received in return the truest and warmest affection of an appreciating, but somewhat hackneyed lover. Mr. Raymond had been tempering his passions in the world of experience some fifteen years longer than his beautiful bride. His exterior was rather elegant than handsome. His manners had acquired a high degree of polish from foreign travel, and his intellect vigour and expansion from the study of men rather than of letters. In society he was universally courted; in private not unfrequently belovéd.

Theresa was by birth an American, but gave at her, or listen to her voice, a moment, and you would quickly trace her Italian origin in the flashing of her dark eye, the voluptuous moulding of her queenly form, the liquid tones of her voice, the rich blood that crimsoned her olive cheek or left it hueless at a word, the tempest swept over the rushing stream of her affections, as though ruffling them to display their depth. The world called her happy in her union with Mr. Raymond; and she might have been so, had not a strange mistrust of her own peerless fascinations kept her in continual dread of rivalry.

For the last fortnight Mr. Raymond had absented himself from home more frequently than usual. He had always a dignified or laughing reply for his wife's petulant queries, but seldom a satisfactory one. At length her suspicions and anxiety became intolerable. She condescended to make a confidant of her domestic—bribed him to follow his master, and acquaint her with his actions. They were residing in New York, and she learned that most of her husband's absent hours were passed in a fashionable part of the city, at the house of Mrs. Walters, a lady past her prime and without daughters. The family of Mrs. Walters was one of the most respectable in the city. Theresa, however, was unacquainted with her and had not been aware of her husband's intimacy. She was still dissatisfied. Her domestic made further inquiries. She learned that Mrs. Walters was then entertaining foreign guests—a lady and her daughter lately arrived from Germany. The daughter was described as surpassingly lovely. This then was the attraction! Theresa questioned her husband. He acknowledged himself acquainted with Frau and Fräulein Himmelstein. He had known them intimately abroad. But the subject seemed to annoy him; and he evidently desired to drop the conversation.

Theresa's curiosity was now enlisted on the side of her jealousy! One was enough for worse than purgatorial torment; but both—they were beyond human endurance! She determined to keep her feelings secret until a fitting moment for a disclosure and rupture. A day or two after her conversation with Mr. Raymond she was walking in Broadway at a latter hour than was safe or usual with her. At some distance in front she recognized her husband. A young girl was leaning on his arm! He was too deeply engaged in conversation to perceive his wife. Her searching eyes were fixed on both as they approached. In that long gaze every feature of her husband's companion was indelibly impressed on her soul. She passed unnoted; but the haunting image of that pure fair brow, and rose-like cheek—the celestial hue of those eyes, softly beaming through the dark fringes of their snowy curtains—the expressive lip, eloquent even while mute—the stray, silken ringlet, of that flaxen color, almost peculiar to childhood which escaped from beneath the modest bonnet—these were more than to rouse the most painful and indignant emotions within Theresa's bosom.

She hastened home—a thousand fearful projects chasing one another in wild succession through her brain. Night came, and her husband was still absent. Her evening meal was removed untasted. She remained lost in thought until the clock as it struck midnight aroused her. The reader is already acquainted with her exclamation. Half an hour afterwards, she started up at an approaching step—it was her husband's. What a look of reproach and outraged affection greeted him!

"Theresa! My own Theresa? You are offended at my absence?" he said gently. "I have been unavoidably detained. I did not know that it was so late."  
"No, you knew nothing beneath the siren's spell. That you had a wife—a home were alike forgotten. Do not exasperate me by admitting it. I know it but too well; and, Edgar, one of these—"  
"Come, come, my tragedy-loving Theresa, no more of this idle jealousy! I have really been engaged on business of importance."  
"I do not doubt it, and your business-nature was the lily-faced girl, over whom you were struggling in a way—chasing so tenderly, that your wife passed unnoticed! Of course you do not stoop to speak falsely—that were too small a vice; and it was business of the heart?"

Mr. Raymond looked surprised and momentarily confused.  
"You cannot deceive me any longer, resume! Theresa, perceiving her advantage, 'I insist on knowing who she is!'"  
"Agreed—but you must make me a return for the information. There is no need of that fierce look and knitted brow—my request has nothing to do with the lady-child rather, for she is not sixteen, with whom you met me walking. My request is this: you have made preparations to attend the Lomax's fancy ball to-morrow evening. Forego this pleasure for my sake, and remain at home. Their house is six miles from the city. The ride will be tedious. I myself will not remain there more than hour. Grant me this, I will freely tell you the young lady's name will give you my reason before long, and promise to play truant less frequently."

"Not this, nor anything else you can ask! Do you think to make me conspire against my own peace? Why should you wish for pleasure with out me? Am I not your wife? Have I not the right to be ever by your side to share your every thought! Edgar beware how you tempt me to evil. If you treat the love I have wasted upon you as a bauble, which you may wear and fling aside when weary of—if you do not honor it like a price-less jewel in your heart, too late you will find it transformed, and stinging the breast, to which it should have imparted but joy. I warn you not to trifle with me!"

Theresa left the apartment before Mr. Raymond could reply. When he entered his chamber shortly after, she retired and was apparently asleep. But that sweet tranquilizer of the weary spirit did not in reality bless her lids with its balm; for that night. The next day Mr. Raymond made no further allusion to the ball. She scrupulously avoided all discussion with him, and received his wonted caresses with a passiveness foreign to her nature.  
Evening came. What proud perfection her mirror reflected as it gave back her faultless form attired in the rich Venetian costume so well suited to the gorgeous style of her beauty! Nor was the unquiet flashing of her eye, lighted by her unusually glowing cheek and the alternate quiver and curl of her compressed lip, out of keeping with her costume.

Mr. Raymond had chosen the character of Mercutio, and, in his personal appearance, did honor to Romeo's gay and untroubled friend. He gazed on the resplendent charms of his wife with mingled pride and uneasiness. Theresa's jealousy quickened perception divined his feelings, but her words were few and constrained. Husband and wife entered the carriage in boding silence.

A flood of light bursts on their view. Ah! that it could dispel the gloom within their souls! Mirth inspiring music, and laughter less gay, peal on their ears. Can they drown the whisperings of the troubled spirit?  
Mercutio and the beautiful Venetian enter the ball room together. Never had Theresa received the homage of the crowd with such soul felt indifference. Her restless eyes are seeking some undiscovered object. She gives her ear to those beside her, but not her mind. Is it the daring declaration, which that handsome Louis Quatorze is murmuring in her ear that causes that sudden start, and sends the indignant blood from her cheek to warm her congealing heart? No, she seems unconscious alike of her presence and devotion. Her eyes are fastened to the vision-like being who, enters the room.  
"Who is she?" gasped Theresa without moving her eyes, but pressing her hand tightly on that of the enamored king?"

"That beautiful girl in the dress of Anna Boleyn? That must be the young stranger so anxiously expected—Miss Himmelstein; a friend of Mrs. Walters, lately arrived from Europe. This is her first appearance. What a pale transparent cheek! I never saw such a golden fleece of ringlets. There is something unearthly in her loveliness. Ah! warmer and more terrestrial beauty for me!"

Theresa heard him not. She was watching her husband. Mercutio approached the young stranger. What new and indescribable charm spreads over her countenance as she gives him her hand! How affectionately confiding is the smile, with which she greets him! Her looks follow him regretfully; but he does not approach her again during the evening.

Theresa partook of none of the gayeties around her. Her admirers were unheeded. She was ever hovering near the beautiful foreigner—near as the crowd of worshippers, which surrounded the fair girl, would permit. At length wearied sick at heart, and disappointed at finding no more substantial food for her jealousy, she withdrew from the revellers and seated herself at the open window, (for it was spring, in the hope, perhaps, that the reviving air would cool the inward fire, which consumed her.)  
"Come with me to the garden? The air is balmy, and you need not fear it my sweet Meta. This is no place for what I have to say."

These were the first words that fell on her ear. And the voice—that tender voice—surely it was her husband's!  
"As soon as I have excused myself from the next dance," was the whispered reply.

Theresa looked forth. Their backs were turned. She glided stealthily by them, rushed down the marble steps of the terrace, upon which the ball-room opened—paused a moment at its base—and then the agitating passion, which convulsed her spirit, gave to her distorted feature that expression of intense anguish blended with triumph at her anticipated revenge, which the pencil of Parris had so felicitously portrayed. In a moment more she was concealed by the thick shrubbery, and Mr. Raymond, with his lovely companion, descended the steps.  
"You cannot understand, my dear Meta, why, I have seemed to avoid you the whole evening. You needed my support, and I perceive are pained." Mr. Raymond, as he said these words, smoothed back the clustering ringlets that shaded her forehead, and pressed his lips upon it. To tell you unpleasant truth, Meta, it was necessary. My wife is here, and, as you have probably heard, is as jealous as Juno."

A stifled sound interrupted him. The frightened maiden clung to his arm.  
"Did you hear that? Let us go back to the house. I am so terrified. It is an omen of evil!"  
"It was only the rustling of the branches. I must cure you of some of the superstition, which has been imbibed in that land of romance, which gave you birth. Did you wonder at my seeming coldness this evening?"  
"Yes, but my confidence in you is so perfect that I knew whatever you did was right!"  
"Thanks my gentle Meta. This would be an unfortunate moment indeed, for our secret to be discovered. Your father's displeasure would be great."

"I tremble at the thought. Did you not hear a noise? Pray let us return to the house. I am satisfied with every thing you do. I need no soothing only let us return."  
"As you will, trembler." And they bent their steps towards the saloon.  
With one hand tightly twisted amid her jewelled hair, and the other pressed on her bosom, as though to still both heart and brain. Theresa fled from her hiding place. She did not reappear amongst the gay crowd that night, but hastened home. When Mr. Raymond entered his chamber some hours afterwards, she was lying apparently in a deep sleep. The unusual ghastliness of her cheek alarmed him, but he deemed it the effect of fatigue and would not disturb her. When the morning sun broke his slumbers, Theresa was lying almost in the same position, her, cheek even paler, and her clasped hands cold as in death. He spoke to her—kissed her white lips—she shuddered slightly but did not wake."

That day she pleaded indisposition, and rose not from her couch. At her husband's earnest entreaty that she would permit him to send for medical aid, she ever replied:  
"I have the medicine at hand, that will suit me best. Leave me in quiet."  
He left her. As the door closed, upon him, she whispered wildly to herself,—go, yes, go! The hour is past when I could spring to welcome your coming,—past never to return! Now do I give my soul up to hatred. She—the first shall feel if I can inflict a pang equal to that which she has given. Then are my energies devoted to making him rue the day we met!—The ways are so manifold for that—but she,—thanks to her superstition,—I will soon hold her heart strings in a merciless hand!"

It was evening. Edgar Raymond was seated by the side of the beautiful Meta. Her hand lay confidently in his. His conversation, whether of rebuke or counsel, was earnest and low; and she listened to him with mute and childlike attention. A servant entered.

"A person in the entry, sir, desires a few moments conversation with Miss Himmelstein."

"Ask her to walk in; I am disengaged."  
The servant left the room and returned.  
"She is very old, and meanly dressed. She inquired if you were alone, and begged you would have the kindness to come to her. She will not detain you she says."

Poor and aged! Meta's heart was touched, and she followed the servant. A woman bent almost doubled with age, and wrapped in wild and tattered habiliments awaited her. At a sign from this individual, she dismissed the domestic.  
"Can what I have to say be told in private? It is of importance," feebly demanded the woman.  
Meta led the way to the library, which was unoccupied. As the door closed, the infirm step of the stranger seemed to gain strength, and her stature height. Her voice, too, though broken still, had more power and clearness.

"You do not know me, Meta Himmelstein; yet to me you are no stranger,—nor you, nor the secrets of your past life, nay, nor of your future.—It is in my power to lift the veil from both."

Meta trembled violently, and placed her hand on a chair for support.—The voice and mien of the stranger, became more solemn and more fierce. "My mission must be secret. I come to warn you of the present, to reveal to you the future. That you may believe my power to do this, I will prove to you my knowledge of the past, then may I tell the doom of her, who, within the form of an angel—shrouds the spirit of a demon,—who is pitiless and self-loving,—who joys over her heart she has trampled beneath her feet,—exults in the ruin of all its hopes—whose—"

"No, oh, no! he has pursued me—persecuted me—I only—"  
"Whose triumph is as fleeting as her happiness,—whose discovery is certain,—over whose head even now—"

Paler and paler grew the cheek of Meta, and her eyes glassier and more widely distended; and, as the last words were uttered, she fell with a piercing shriek heavily to the ground.

The stranger flew to her,—lifted her in her powerful arms, and was bearing her to the window, when Mr. Raymond rushed into the chamber. He seized the female rudely by the shoulders—

"Woman! hah! you have murdered her!"

"Quick, Edgar give her water, she